

COLLEGE CHEER

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XI. ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1919. NO. 5.

THE BACON IS OURS ONCE MORE.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, St. Joe met the Wolcott team. Our adversaries bowed to defeat, the final score being 14 to 56.

The lineup was as follows:

St. Joe.		Wolcott.
Wellman	C	Jackson
A. Schaefer	F	Busler
P. Rose	F	Dawson
J. O'Brien	G	Hoshen
Harbor	G	Humphreys
F. Vonder Haar	Sub	Snick
J. Oppenheim	Sub	Hoffman
H. Schaeffer	Sub	Lux

From the very start St. Joe rambled to the basket with the pill. Wolcott, unaccustomed to so large a floor, was entirely lost and allowed our team to leave them far in the rear. Wellman and O'Brien starred for St. Joe. Jackson and Humphreys outclassed the other players on Wolcott's team.

Field goals: Wellman 8, A. Schaefer 8, Rose 4, O'Brien 5, Oppenheim 2, Jackson 3, Busler 1, Hoshen 1.

Free throws: O'Brien 2, Jackson 2, Busler 2.

Our team received the support of the entire student body. It may be stated that the Senior Rooting Club far excelled the Junior Club. Keep up the support and we'll win every game.

EDUCATION AND SUCCESS.

While education is in our days fairly appreciated there are not wanting voices that ask: "What gain does a higher education bring to the individual? Is it not true that men of little schooling are winning in the financial race over those who enjoyed every opportunity offered by institutions of learning? Are there not numberless instances of men to whom education has been a stumbling block which blinded them to opportunities recognized and seized upon by their unlearned but more alert brothers to reap a great material harvest?"

On the other hand there are many whose education has enabled them to acquire countless riches. This point is often made clear to the instructor whose function it is to assist in moulding the growing generation. It is a sign of some imperfection in the material with which he has worked, or in his methods if he notices some individuals that were once in his charge accumulating personal profits at the expense of their community. As long as one remains within the bounds of the law he may do this and people will reckon it success for they generally observe him

from a personal view point, forgetting the interests of the community.

But in fine, is education conducive to success? It is stated in a biography of Farady: "This son of a blacksmith had to decide between a fortune of 250,000 pounds on one side, and his unendowed science on the other. He chose the latter, and died a poor man." Farady was not on this account a failure. But he would have been a failure had he chosen the money and multiplied it several times by an occupation that would have prevented him from giving to the world those researches which form the foundation of modern electrical theory and practice.

Barring exceptional cases the estimation of a person by his fellow men is usually near the truth. It is true education viewed subjectively tends to make the individual happy by widening his view, and enlightening his mind to enjoy everything that is beautiful in the world. It also sharpens his mind to seize upon opportunities that bring to him material success. Yet it remains to be answered whether a man because of his education is happy and successful. The success of a man is too often gaged from a personal view point, and the good the world receives from a man is often overlooked. A man may be a failure in the former and a success in the latter. "Your success is measured, not by what the world gives you, but what you give to the world."

The following poem was written by a former St. Joe student. He left St. Joe three years ago and after serving as reporter on various papers he is now assistant city editor of the Detroit Journal. The poem was not written, or sent with the intention, to have it printed in this paper.

TODAY.

Mars holds a golden cup of blood;
The price that men who fought and died
Paid in their struggle for the world.
They gathered in from far and wide
To guard their freedom, flags unfurled.

War called them from their peaceful ways
And drove them to the fields where hell
Spent all its fury on their souls.
They counted not the passing days
But fought, because they knew full well
That death would take them to their goals.

Today the Scales of Justice stand
Well balanced; and a new born race
Knows Right alone has conquered Might.
Throughout the world, in every land
Where Peace has shown its gentle face
Men thank the dead. They won the fight.

— E. J. Fortman.



A A. NOTES.

The Athletic Association held a meeting on January 12th for the purpose of electing new officers. The following were elected: Pres., Paul Rose; Sec'y., Thomas Flynn; Treas., Wilfred Smith. Baseball Mgr., Anthony Schaefer.

On December 19th the Lafayette Independents fell to defeat at the score of 29 to 26. St. Joe was too fast for them and had we had a little more Bolshivikism we would have greatly increased the score. Keep up your pep St. Joe!

BASKETBALL.

The various leagues have begun activities. It seems that we shall have an interesting warpath beaten in less than a week.

The following are the managers appointed:

SENIOR LEAGUE.

Seniors.....	McCormack
IV Latins.....	Laux
III Latins.....	Brady
I & II Latins.....	Soucie
III Com'cials.....	Kirchner

ACADEMICS.

Stock, Koch, Pursley, Foerch

JUNIORS.

Night Hawks.....	H. Recker
Mohawks.....	Cabel
Junior Stars.....	Wojinski
Allies.....	Dunkel
Iriquois.....	Boehnlein
Yanks.....	Dowling

MIDGETS.

Tigers.....	Rose Philip
Little Giants.....	Phalen
Independents.....	Walters
Orioles.....	Breitenbach

Each team and its percentage will appear in the next issue.

A FISH STORY.

(Conclusion.)

All these preliminaries having been arranged, Mr. Milford takes the 4:00 train out of Circleville, to return once more the following week, but not per train, but by livery from a nearby town, just about at 3:30 in the afternoon, which leaves him barely enough time to transact his business with Dr. Lyden.

"You see I have been prompt and have kept my promise, because this is only the second day of the week; and here is the suit."

"Fine and dainty! Now let us have a squint at it."

The doctor examines the suit very carefully, expresses some doubts as to its being hand tailored, but is overcome by the volume of technical explanations on the part of the salesman. It fits like a "top," but the buttons

Mr. Milford admits that a mistake has been made somewhere, most probably by him in turning in the order in such haste. After all, this can easily be mended.

"I have enough of the identical buttons you wanted with me. Have you a tailor of some kind here in Circleville? Good! I'll take this suit to him and have him put on the buttons at my expense and then he can send it over to you."

"That is satisfactory to me."

"Now something else. I have to make that 4:00 o'clock train and have only fifteen minutes to go on. I would be obliged to you very much if you could write out a check for \$75.00, that is what the bill amounts to, payable to Guggenheimer & Co. Another thing. In the name of the Company I will receipt it. Furthermore, I am empowered by the Company to cash any of their checks whenever I am in need of funds, which happens to be the case just now. Will you kindly call up the bank and tell them to cash this check for me, because they might not trust me."

"Alright. Hello! Dr. Lyden. A man by the name of Milford, agent for Guggenheimer & Co. will present my check in a few minutes; will you cash it for him?"

"Surely, if you say so."

"Good bye."

Once more thanking the doctor for the order and the encouragement received and wishing him luck in his practice and speedy health for his good wife, Mr. Milford bows himself out of the office.

Next he hurries to the post-office where he writes a postal. There is no observer in the outer office at the time, else he might see the agent pull out a check, lay it over the postal and here and there add some final touches to that little document. This being accomplished and the card mailed, he hastens to the bank. ffi

The cashier is slightly taken aback by the sum the check calls for, but Dr. Lyden had spoken just a few minutes before, and that gentleman generally knows what he is doing.

Overjoyed with the real money in his pocket, Mr. Milford forgets all about taking the suit to the tailor, but just arrives at the station as the conductor calls: "All aboard!"

After a lapse of three days the tailor confided the story of the missing suit to Mr. Hendrickson, and from the store it spread over the town to the great chagrin of the doctor. But the latter's surprise will come when he gets his bank book squared up. \$675.00 is no bagatelle.

Hundreds of miles away, Sam Small, with whom fishing is a habit, is taking his bearings on a new "Fishin' Hole."

Herman J. Pinebrook.

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ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Saturday, January 18, 1919.

EDITORIALS.**CORRECT READING.**

NEVER was there an axiom more simple in its construction and first significance but more pregnant with the real force of meaning than that by the author of 'The American Commonwealth' — "Life is too short for reading inferior books." To the idle mind these words suggest little or nothing, but nevertheless they are replete with suggestion to those who will but stop to think.

To these latter such a truism as Mr. Bryce's quotation becomes a motto, acting upon which they persistently busy themselves with only those books of high literary excellence which the world has stamped as classics, and leave to the more unfortunate the perusal of worthless or mediocre productions.

There are so many thousands of books in the world that even were we granted a ripe old age, graced with a most powerful memory, and gifted with the most comprehensive human education possible, the number of books we could read would be but a meager portion indeed as compared to the superabundance at our disposal.

Since this observation is a patent fact, should one not do his best to limit his reading to those really great books whose worth is inestimable, and from whose treasury one may draw unlimited refreshment and benefit? A life spent in the perusal of the best books is a life made beautiful by the perusal of the highest ideals. And only such a life is a real success; only such a reader really does justice to the Maker Who has given him an intellect to use for noble purposes.

But the question arises, "In such a flood of books what is to be avoided, what should be thrown aside?" The secret of good reading lies in one's power of rejecting what is mediocre. We leave out of consideration those books that are really bad, for common sense tells the reader to spurn them. But we refer to the immense number of mediocre writings, each one possessing undeniable merits but also a host of faults. There are but a few great books, the outpourings of master minds, which unite in themselves all the various merits found in the entire sea of common books. These and these only should receive our undivided attention. Let us then follow the

poet's suggestion "Divide et impera." Let us reject all that is ephemeral and tasteless, but devote our energies unceasingly to those books which are filled with sweet and lasting flavor.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

TO many this well known saying is received on face value. But this, when considering the abstract, is one of many things which has an intrinsic value above the face value.

What's in a name! So much it would take volumes to tell of it. The name implies the man, the man implies life and life is very interesting. A name does not mean life, but when we are reminded of a name we are reminded of life in some phase or other. For instance that of George Washington brings up to our minds many characteristics which constitute human nature; nobleness of manhood, which in itself involves self-sacrifice, love of country, love for neighbor; justice, by the man's wish to free his beloved country from tyranny. Or it may be, some other name will produce the opposite of these as that of Nero. So that by names alone more can be recalled of the varied characteristics of human nature than may be gleaned from book study itself.

But why not use the "Whats" in a name for a practical language? Every name is expressive and their combinations would make a language of life and reality. For instance: Hannibal enters Hugh of Eugene and Joseph Tristram. The grace of Baal enters the mind of the noble causing sadness. But then we would necessarily need the meaning of each name. This would be a source of pleasure since they would have a special meaning and would mean more to us rather than words by which we distinguish different persons.

HOME.

Though many miles away am I
Yet still with joy for thee I sigh.
What memory so dear to me,
Can me from grief so weighty free?

The hearth it is that soothes the heart,
And bids all pain from thence depart.
But begs all joy to stay with us
And troubles great and small entrust.

For in distress we always turn
To the small cottage, we discern
Against the western sunset fair,
To rise the morrow free from care.

CONSOLATION.

Oft, in trials and troubles sore,
When life — a failure it would seem —
Presents itself, an ugly dream,
And prayer becomes a daily bore;

The thought of what I hope to be
Renews my faith and cheers my heart
To take my cross, and bear my part; —
A priest of God eternally.

INSIST UPON

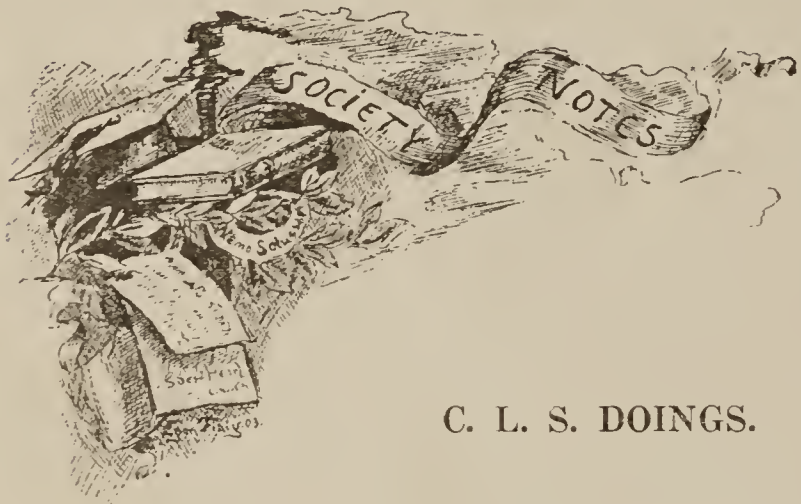
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C. L. S. DOINGS.

Although carried through in record time, the election of the C. L. S. held on last Sunday morning, established a staff of officers who have the confidence of the entire society.

The supporting men were very enthusiastic over their respective candidates, so much so, that there was only one instance when two nominees were up for the same office. Mr. Murphy was a prominent figure and staunchly supported his candidates with prepense and well chosen words. The following were the successful candidates: Pres., Ferdinand Vonder Haar; V. Pres., Bernard Lear; Sec'y., Hugh Striff; Treasurer, Francis McCormack; Critic, Joseph Hiller; Ex. Com., Thomas Ryan, Francis Miller, Joseph Raible; Marshall, Thos. Sheean.

At the request of Rev. Fr. Daniels, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, the drama 'The Victim of the Seal' will again be presented by the Columbian Literary Society, on January 26th. When the drama was rendered on December 8th, the epidemic was prevalent in Rensselaer and many, in fact, all the town's people were unable to attend. This presentation is to be for the benefit of St. Augustine's Church.

NEWMAN CLUB NOTES.

On last Sunday morning, the Newman Club held a regular meeting for the consideration of a program to be rendered on January 26th.

We do not spread any extra salve but we do deliver the goods. Everything swell and nifty for the men and boys to wear.

DUVALL'S QUALITY SHOP.

YOU HAVE A FRIEND!

Perhaps till now you knew it not—
His heart will rend,
If you o'erlook his help, and plod
On, evermore!
Feeding that venom of discouragement;
For trifles bore
Those horrid things that long have bent
O'er you in forms
Of deep contempt and animosity —
Of inward storms
That tear with cruelty and ferocity
Your tender heart.
Oh! Look but up from your dejected state—
—One hopeful dart—
There's one at least who does not hate
You—he's your Friend.
Lean on him and your shattered nerves
To him unbend.
He holds of love the healing balm
And knows right well
The causes that disturb your calm.
You need not tell
In words to him, for on your face
And in your eyes
He knows your sorrows deep to trace.
But "Storm-racked" skies
Thereafter always brighter shine. — —
—So is't with you,
If like to surely healing time
Your patience, too,
In constant kindness tow'rd your foe,
Will last the while
The clouds of many a trivial woe
Are rent. Then rays
Of well-deserved vict'ry wink;
For many eyes
Once shaded, with warm friendship blink.

His Attractive Surroundings.

One of the many friends of a noted humorist, upon entering their club house one evening, saw the usual group of admirers gathered about him to enjoy his witticisms. Passing over that way, the friend remarked: "Hello, old chap; surrounded by your coterie, as usual?"

"Yes," replied the humorist with a twinkle in his eye, "likewise by my panterie and my vest-erie."



Things seen in Collegeville.

Mr. Wolf playing basketball. Yes, Lupus is a very promising player.

Juniors reserving their seating capacity one hour before game.

The bi-weekly force of R. J. S. C. whitewings.

The Cin'ti crowd trying to play the game of camouflage by carrying trees.

Shaw Knit Men's Hose in silk lisle and pure thread silk for 50c.

DUVALL'S QUALITY SHOP.

Things heard in Collegeville.

Let us all fight Bolsheviki. Why should every one pick on the same party. There is no argument.

Since Paderwiski was shot, the hopes of the piano enthusiasts have revived. Kempsen you have a chance now.

"I take my text dis mornin," said the colored minister, "from dat potion ob de Scripture where de Postel Paul points his Pistol at the Fessions."

Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world, tells a story about John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world. "Mr. Rockefeller," she says, "was recently starting for a ride in his automobile and asked a little girl of six years to go with him on the ride."

"Where are you going?" the child asked, before getting into the car.

"To heaven, I hope," answered the oil magnate jokingly.

"Oh, no, we ain't," asserted the little girl; "you haven't got enough oil."

"I—aw—say," said Cholly to the shopkeeper, "could you—aw—take that—aw—yellow tie with the pink spots—aw—out of your window for me?"

"Certainly, sir," said the pleased tradesman; "Glad to take anything out of the window at any time, sir."

"Aw—thanks, aw'fully. The beastly thing bothaws me every time I pass. Good morning!"

BY THE PATHSIDE.

By the pathside bowed a flower —
'Twas a weeping columbine,
Meekly begging earth's compassion,
Hides her beauteous wond'rous shrine
Of scarlet beams and golden seams.

Flower that I find so lowly,
Bruised by some unthinking heel,
May I raise thy bashful face, to
Gaze upon thy beauty real
Of scarlet beams and golden seams?

Patient plant! I left thee blooming
Yester eve. But winds have stormed;
Beating at thy scanty stem they've
Bruised thee sore. But have they harmed
Thy scarlet beams and golden seams?

Blossoming anew so stoutly
Dost not feel thy outward grace?
Art not conscious of thy beauty?
Lift, O lift thy modest face
So scarlet beamed and golden seamed.

O, lest some far worse misfortune
Cast thee back to sadder gloom —
Never then two loves to sweeten —
Let me pluck thee in thy bloom
Of scarlet beam and golden seam.

O. U. Kid.

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The Correct Diagnosis.

The physician had been called in haste to see a small negro who was ill. After a brief examination the doctor announced: "This boy has eaten too much watermelon."

"Oh, doctah," expostulated the parent of the ailing one, "dey ain't no sich t'ing as too much watahmillion. Dat niggah jus' ain' got' nough stomach."

The Missing Deacon.

One of the prominent deacons in an Ohio church was seriously ill. As he was very popular among the congregation, a bulletin board was posted in front of the church to inform his friends of his condition. It read:

"One o'clock. Deacon Jones very ill."

"Two o'clock. Deacon Jones is worse and sinking rapidly."

"Three o'clock. Deacon Jones dead."

A traveling man passing by that evening read the bulletin and, seeing no one in sight, added at the bottom:

"Seven o'clock. Great excitement in Heaven. Deacon Jones has not yet arrived. The worst is feared."

Stetson Hats all kinds and colors till Feb. 1st, at \$3.95. Get busy boys and buy a Stetson.

DUVALL'S QUALITY SHOP.

The Real Thing in Ancestors.

"Have ye anny ancisters, Mr. McCormick?" asked Mr. O'Brien.

"An' phwat's ancisters?"

"Why people you shprung from."

"Listen to me, O'Brien," said Mr. McCormick impressively. "I come from the rale shtock av McCormicks thot shpring from nobody. They shpring at thim!"

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A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

By H. J. Pinebrook.

It is really amazing when one looks back over the last two centuries and beholds the wonderful progress that has been made in the industrial and social world, and how man's inventive genius has overcome almost insurmountable obstacles. We can well imagine what stir of comment the first steam locomotive evoked from those who had the privilege to see it puff out of the grand Pennsylvania depot at Pittsburgh. Not long after this memorable event another surprise was in store for the good people of Jasper County, Bob Fulton's first steam Jolly Boat floating down the Iroquois River. Then, Ben Franklin caught a boit of lightning with the aid of a boxkite, canned it and thinned it with water, so that he was able to supply the whole world with that electric fluid. Edison made a machine that imitates talk and song just like a monkey imitates actions. The bicycle was followed by the tricycle, and then came the greatest of all inventions, the horseless carriage, commonly called the "Ford."

What next? It is no longer a hallucination, a mere mind picture, an air castle; it has assumed reality. What I allude to is the aeroplane. Already some twenty years ago such a thing was buzzing through my head, and once I actually read a paper on this subject before an enlightened audience, stating therein the possibility of reaching the North Pole by this means; the idea was heartily applauded. Many of the audience asked for copies of the paper, and it is my firm belief that one of them got into the hands of the Wright Bros. At least from that time on inventors got busy and now air-craft has played a star role in the great world drama. It has come to stay. Hence it is well to prepare in time for the changes that the aeroplane will effect within a few years.

I shall now proceed to drop a few practical hints, that, when heeded, will save the taxpayers and the general public a few million dollars.

What is the use in spending thousands upon thousands of dollars on railroad terminals, union depots, boulevard links, public highways, etc., when grass will be growing on them a few years hence. Ye people of Chicago, take heed. Everybody is going to fly; we no longer need streets, no more improved roads. Ten years from now junk dealers will be the railroad magnates.

Do not make any improvements or repairs on your old house, or worse yet, build a new one on

the styles now in vogue. When the aeroplane becomes the only means of travel and transportation it will have to be rebuilt to meet the new conditions and requirements. Your house will have to front towards the sky, because there will be no streets. Doors for entrance and delivery of articles will have to be above. Just think of this one convenience. A huge plane delivers your coal into a bin on top of the house and from there it feeds automatically through the chimney down into the furnace. Now you see the sign: "Packages delivered in the rear," but then it will read: "Packages to be dropped from above." It can, of course, be so arranged that by means of pipes or conduits the grocer can deliver your flour into the bin, the sugar into the bowl, the steak into the pan, etc., without even entering the house. This will be a special study for architects. There will be no more sky scrapers, because they would prove a nuisance to free intercourse in the air. Instead, buildings will reach forty to sixty stories below surface. Of course there will be one great difficulty, i. e., how to get any sun-light into such a depth. However, I am sure, people with a fair complexion would love to live in such apartments; no danger of getting sun burnt.

The aeroplane will also prove of immense benefit on the farm. Barns will have to be remodeled, because the hay and grain will be dropped through the roof into the mow and grain bin. Machinery will all be so arranged that it can be hitched to the tail of the airship. The only regret a farmer can have will be, that his faithful companion, the horse, will be ousted.

And now, ye proud possessors of a Tin Lizzy, hear ye me! Ye are already owning an aeroplane in disguise, if you'd only know it. All you have to do is to add a little tin wing on either side of your machine, crank her up, let her go about 60 miles an hour, then as a starting point for the ascent strike six deep chuck holes about ten feet apart and especially provided for that purpose, and I assure you, she will not strike terra firma for quite a while. Of course, the car could also be made ten pounds lighter, but then it might never come down but float through the air like a gossamer.

The above are only a few crude ideas and suggestions, but I'll be a liar if they wont become true some day. At any rate this manuscript is to be put into a sealed envelope and sent to the Field Museum at Chicago, with the understanding that it is not to be opened till October 12, 1940. Then we'll see who was right.

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"What three words are most used among college students?" asked the professor.

Reichert, "I don't know."

Professor, "Correct."

Knowledge Dearly Bought.

"Eddie," said mother sternly, "you should not fight with that Jimson boy."

"I know it, ma," said Eddie penitently.

"That's right. And when did you find out?"

"About a minute after I hit him."

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Lawyer

Rensselaer, Indiana

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